

THE CENTER

JUNE



LEADING ARTICLE

Freedom the Goal of Life

Harmony Club of America

An independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and to be happy while doing it. The aim and object is: To harmonize people with themselves, their surroundings and each other; to prove the efficient value of a smile and song in everyday life; to establish the perfect unity of body, mind, heart, and spirit; to investigate, formulate, and demonstrate the scientific laws of Happiness; to enunciate the principles of wholesome, triumphant, sincere living; to present the discoveries of modern psychology in simple, attractive guise; to put those who want vital knowledge in touch with those who have it; to maintain a brotherhood of individuals, where sympathy is the only bond; to impart the secrets of self-help, as the highest form of altruism; to promote free discussion of every subject that makes for clear understanding of life. Literature mailed on receipt of postage. Headquarters at 30 Church Street, New York City.

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Freedom the Goal of Life

The finished man is free.

And the fact that we are all slaves proves how young we are in the evolution of the world.

I have never seen a man who was free. Every man is bound to some possession, some person, some habit, custom or tendency, some fear, weakness or desire. And the god-like possibilities of the human soul remain as limp and futile as the wings of a great bird cruelly imprisoned in a cage whose iron bars are gilded to deceive. The first mark of the

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slave is to gloss over his limitations. And we all do that—instead of meeting them squarely and breaking their ugly hold.

You cannot restrict the body of a child without incurring protest from the child. If you were such a monster as to put a helpless baby into chains the law would compel you to desist. But what of your own mind? That is more delicate, more fragile, more precious, than even the soft, rosy form of a babe. And if you could have a picture of your mind, you would see a fettered, maimed, distorted thing robbed of its wonderful powers by the superstitions, conventions, half-truths and compromises that subtly enmesh and strangle it. We should all be geniuses if we had thought for ourselves, and our parents for themselves.

I love the true iconoclast. He may be rash, unwise, premature, but he is at least independent. And all the immortal works of man have been wrought in a spirit of freedom.

If you have never been thought "peculiar," you may know you are commonplace; for the individual is always peculiar. And if you stop to care what people think, you are blinded by the dust of dalliance, you are out of step with progress. The onlookers at life do the clamoring—the soldiers have no time for anything but fight.

What is freedom?

Not fanaticism, not protest, not idleness, not arrogance, not despotism, not any of the things urged by the anarchist, who of all men is enslaved by his own obsession.

Freedom is the conscious power to express any, all, or none of yourself when you will, as you will, because you will. This, you observe, is the opposite of license. Freedom means expansion, expansion means exercise, exercise

means skill, skill means work—and how few of those who rant freedom are willing to work! Idleness, which is the boast of those who *talk* freedom, is really trespass on the time and temper of others.

Freedom, like money, is wasted on those who never earned it. Undirected freedom is vagrancy. Who is really free—the ragged tramp or the rich traveler? Freedom means equipment no less than expanse. It is foolish to long for opportunity without the power to meet it.

Freedom costs more than any other boon of life—that is why so few attain it.

Do you want to know the price of freedom? *Infinite patience.*

Watch Paderewski on the platform, and you murmur “How easily he plays!” Watch him in the long, weary hours of isolation when he grimly attacks one exercise three hundred times before he has it conquered; then you exclaim “How deathly hard he works!” Would you be free? Gather your chains more closely about you, for a greater speed in your handicap race. The winning athlete glories in the handicap. Fate sets a handicap for none but a winner.

By the long hard path of human struggle we may reach the sunny mount of freedom—and the most of us travel that road. But a shorter, smoother avenue winds along the calm retreat of divine meditation—and the few great souls of the world have experienced this. We do not lack the *power* to break our chains and cast them down forever; we lack the courage, the poise, the skill, the persistence. Nothing from without can bind us, no man ever could enslave us; we are judged by our own prejudice, convicted by our own weakness, shackled and imprisoned by our own

ignorance. None is our master except as he is master of himself, and the chains that we carry, we have fitted to our own limitations. When we see this, we change protest into power.

Go to any jail and you find a sullen mob of prisoners, helpless in their manacles, chafing at restraint, ugly with impotence. Yet the bondage lies not in the bonds. For the man who calls himself "The Handcuff King" only smiles at the rivets and the locks of machine-made fetters; in any prison, he forms his own method of escape. From the mental confinement and spiritual gloom in which most men live, we can safely emerge when we have developed our own powers of self-emancipation.

Are you free?

Here is a question that will soon determine. Is there any one thing, any one person, any one condition of life, that you must have to make you happy? If so, you are a slave.

Might all your friends go, all your possessions vanish, all your hopes end in ruin, the world itself pass away—but you remain calm and steadfast? If not, you are only a chattel, bound to the whim of Fate. Would you experience a new kind of Happiness? *Learn to do without whatever you think you need most.*

We know how a child cries when he can't have what he wants, or when his toys are taken from him. Yet how many of us have really outgrown the child-impatience and the child-rebellion? Because we lack a certain trivial, imaginary good, we make ourselves wretched with self-pity or self-disparagement. Rather, should we voluntarily dispose of much that we now possess, for the danger in most possessions lies in their obscuring the realities. We see God not in the midst of grasping, but in the midst of letting go.

The only safe reason for wanting things is the expectation of giving them away. And not so much to be philanthropic as to be free. The typical charity worker gives rein to his own emotions, but curbs the advance of those he considers paupers. Giving men *things* makes men prisoners, giving men *truths* makes men lords.

What are the forces that enslave us?

Anything, everything, that blocks the way to our ideal. Have you a clear, definite, systematic, ideal of what you long to be and do? And how is your personality, your way of thinking, your mode of living, holding you back? Freedom to the great is not so much abandon as accomplishment. The resolute shaping of our own immediate life according to our own firm standard leads to the most gigantic liberation. We shall never be free to express ourselves until we have been free to command ourselves.

The highest type of freedom is not the merry child, or the indolent troubadour, or even the pale ascetic. It is the stern business man who has kept his finer sense of things in spite of the din of battle, and whose vision stays clear where the grime is thickest. Running away from ugly things only gives them a better chance to flourish. Make of your life a challenge to all that suggests compromise, then feel the joy of independence.

Around the human soul many films gather, day by day. Everything untrue leaves its mark upon us. Even what is less than true chills and thwarts our soul-powers. In how many lives is the whole truth operative? In none. The few that approached this, the world has promptly crucified. I sometimes feel that crucifixion is the only worthy end for the human journey of the soul. All other paths lead to evasion.

Who but the martyrs have been honest with themselves? And what, besides this, is worthy of a moment's consideration? We are not free unless we would rather die than compromise.

From all outer impositions we must liberate ourselves, before we can approach the measure of our destiny. From the dominion of things; from the trespass of thoughts; from the goad of desire; from the wound of memory; from the treadmill of habit; from the blindfold of prejudice; from the spell of sensation; from the drain of emotion; from the chill of intellect; from the web of temperament; from the veil of personality; from the snare and the pit of human pride; from all these hindering shapes and shadows we must be free.

No man lives through and through until he has climbed, anxiously and painfully, the farthest mount of his aspiration and has watched the storms break on the valley below, while the crest of his lonely peak is bathed in a flood of sunlight.

REAL FREEDOM

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS

That notable American horseman, plainsman, and buffalo hunter, William F. Cody, with whom King Edward, when alive, often joked and frolicked, is bidding the citizens of New York good-bye. He purposes retirement to the real joys of Western ranch life while he has the sense to appreciate them. The star attraction of his Wild West Show this season is the superb riding of a graceful and comely young woman. A confessed lover of good horses, as well as a born admirer of brave women, I never saw a man get such willing obedience from a mettled horse as did this charming equestrienne who won the applause—the ringing acclamation—of the whole amphitheater.

Invited for a few words on Freedom in the very “Center” of our beloved Harmony Club, I find myself thinking of that splendid and satin-coated sorrel, which pranced and paced, trotted, cantered, galloped, leaped, kneeled, reared, bowed, courting both pit and boxes, at the will of his womanly rider. The marvel of it all was his freedom. At the same time hundreds of beautiful horses cavorted in bewildering noise and display about the arena. They were guided and restrained by powerful bits. The star horse, with the rider who has set the city talking, wore neither bit nor bridle. Yet his witching rider made him kneel for a

dismount, arose with him in aerial leaps, and most marvelous balancings, by simply pointing with a slender whip. If you have horse sense, brother, sister, please read on!

The most obedient horse was the most free. Which horse would you take to the freedom and joy of a Western pasture if you were going out West, a paragon of obedience, or a balking mustang?

Those fine eyes which watched every move of the rider needed no blinders. The neck which curved in quick obedience wore no halter.

When the stunts were done, the gay creature raced to his stable like King Edward's victorious Persimmon winning the Derby.

Did it pay that strong willed animal to bend his will to a superior mind? The noble beast found his reward in a free, holiday gallop through Central Park. Stubborn mustangs gnawed poplar poles in the dark stables. As this finely groomed beauty needed no bit in the arena he could be trusted for exhilarating movements outdoors, the most noticeable mount in the whole city's glad cavalcade.

Man! Do you want to be free? Obey! Do you want joyful holidays? Put in good weeks of honest work and clean living.

Do you want a good taste in your mouth at threescore and ten? Keep free from pernicious drugs, from cloying sweets, from all impurities.

If the giant Jeffries can train hard to best a man of mere physical muscle, can you not obey the laws of health to beat Belial?

Loafers are not free. They are bond-slaves of Ease and Idleness.

The clerk who whoops Saturday afternoon, is he who has

not watched the clock the rest of the week. Keen enjoyment of a rest day comes from earning it. Life's free full satisfactions fly the gourmand. They cluster about him who keeps his body under that it may *up* at command.

Now is your time, comrade. Hoist your banner! Freedom? Aye! Aye!!

Declaration of Freedom

To dream without apology;
To act without regret;
To have convictions that are unconquerable and inviolable;

To work with the might and the skill of a man—but play with the ardor, and sleep with the faith, of a little child;

To owe nothing, earn all, give much, and save a little;

To keep an ambition that girdles the globe—then to watch possessions vanish with a smile;

To value comradeship and cling to the arms of dear ones—but to regard solitude the true source of power;

To emulate heroes and exalt the world's pioneers—yet imitate no man nor hold any greater than oneself;

To throw the world away, in pursuit of a cherished ideal;

To live one's own belief with a quiet, dauntless courage—and to respect every other man's belief;

To find the greatest joy in the simple things of life—but to move as a lord amid the huge things;

To master all that men call wisdom—then to be infinitely humble in the presence of the vast Unknown;

To revel in the sweetness and glory in the strength of the perfect human body—yet to care for the body only as revealing the soul;

To forget the past, and create a splendid future out of each honest day as it comes;

To be always contented with what one has—but ever unsatisfied with what one is;

To be calm in sorrow and brave in defeat—yet kind and
gentle in the hour of triumph;
To serve, and to rule, with equal majesty;
To make happiness for oneself—then be happiest in
sharing it;
To delight in the friendship of children;
To lift the burden of those oppressed—then teach them
how to bear it with cheerfulness and poise;
To banish fear, even the fear of death, knowing that death
but releases the soul for wider activity;
To see only good everywhere;
To know and be oneself;
To voice that within which cries for expression;
To love—and let go;

This is to be free

CLUB NEWS

Under this heading will be given records of our growth, individual and collective; with ideas and suggestions for enlarging the scope of the Club. Every member is asked to contribute, and to aid us in promoting the work.

It doesn't take a thinking man very long to discover what makes the real joy in living.

What does? *Improvement.* A man likes his work in proportion as he does it better, faster, more easily, more powerfully.

The first year's work of the Harmony Club is finished. We have enjoyed it, because we have done it as well as we could. But the second year's work we are going to do twice as well—and so enjoy twice as much. The plans are all made—subject to your approval and coöperation.

Let us first consider what has been accomplished.

A year ago the Harmony Club was merely an idea; to-day it is an established institution, known throughout the civilized world.

Then we were experimenting; now we are proving, with hundreds of letters to show what the Club has accomplished for its members.

When we began, every worker was new to his place, we all came drawn by a common motive, but with no idea how to fit in to the organization; at the present time the machinery of the Club is going like clockwork, each helper having his or her department, and the whole system being conducted along modern business lines.

Publishers estimate that a periodical which enters the home passes through the hands of five readers. This is

certainly true of our Club Monthly, because hundreds of the members loan it to friends outside the family. Hence, the Club has brought more or less Happiness into almost thirty thousand lives, during one year.

Invitations to give lectures have come from Boston, Washington, and other places of influence. A few of these were accepted—the most notable being that of the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs representing 18,000 progressive women; the Secretary and the Editor each gave a talk, and met with a fine reception. The President of the Federation belongs to the Club, and we are indebted to her for this splendid opportunity. Half the time of the Editor and the Secretary might profitably be taken for lecture work—and would be, if we could afford the right kind of helpers to manage things in the office.

Requests for meetings, local branches and various educational or social features have been too numerous to count. These desires will be met, and satisfied, one by one. The first year had to be organization—the second year will be expansion. Wait and see.

Now what?

Just two things; to make the Club more valuable to you and all the members; then to win new friends by the thousand, in all parts of the world.

The campaign we have planned will be described later—this month we want to tell you of the improved service, as outlined for the coming year in *THE CENTER*.

1. *A Members' Corner will be opened, starting with August.* This will contain personal letters, observations or experiences, short articles, life stories, anything and everything human enough to prove just how the principles of the Club have brought happiness, health, efficiency, wisdom, peace

of mind. We all feel the need of coming closer together, of sharing our problems, desires, and various phases of growth. This new department gives the opportunity. And from the letters now in hand, we judge it will appeal very strongly.

2. *The Question Box will be featured.* We have felt like apologizing to some of our most loyal members, because their questions have lain for months unanswered. But the only reason was lack of space. During the next year we shall give more space, more time, more thought, to the Question Box. Many readers seem to like it best. And to make room for it, we shall omit the "Harmony Club Story" thus leaving four extra pages. You all know the Story by now. So you would rather have fresh material.

3. *Harmony Mottoes, in large type, with attractive border, will be included each month.* There has been a great demand for detachable cards having on them a Club sentiment, epigram or inspiration, and suitable for framing or enclosure in letters. Every issue of the next year will contain such pages. We shall be glad to know how you like them, when they appear in August.

4. *A number of famous people will contribute, during the year.* These writers are now being secured, and a partial list will be announced in July. Their subjects will cover the four notes in the Harmony chord;—*body, heart, mind, soul.* And their coöperation, based on the authority of a wide experience, will directly benefit each member of the Club.

5. *The Leading Articles will be written to your order.* This is a new departure in magazine publishing. We don't just know how it will result—perhaps you will suggest topics of which the Editor is feebly ignorant, perhaps you won't dare

take the responsibility of ordering a mental dinner for the entire Club. But we're going to try the plan out. And we think it will be a source of added interest.

The idea is this:

Everybody has an ideal, ambition, need or desire which if attained he believes would make him happy. What is yours? Study yourself and find just what. Then suggest a theme for an editorial which would cover the point, and if possible give the clue to realization.

Or, what do you most want to *know*, along the lines of advanced thought and optimistic influence? Put that in a subject for discussion.

Or, is there a doubt, worry, conflict, perplexity, in your own personal life, or in that of your friend? Would a heart-to-heart talk make things easier? What shall it be about?

Or, have you disagreed with any of the statements in the Monthly? Perhaps a debate would gratify you. Then name your topic and state your ground.

The whole idea is to bring the spirit of the Club home to you, make it real to you, help you live it.

If you like the plan of "Editorials to Order" you must let us have your choice of topics at once. Write one or more on the face of the blue slip which you will find enclosed. The *first hundred subjects thus returned* will be taken as a basis for editorials, the most popular themes being presented first. Please answer this very day?

The blue slip serves also as a renewal blank. Most of the subscriptions to THE CENTER expire in July. If you want your files complete, you should renew this month; the editions are exhausted so rapidly that we cannot promise to supply back numbers for those who have neglected their expiration date. The August and December issues for last

year were sold out some months ago—and the other numbers are almost gone.

A word about the change in price.

The books of the Treasurer show that the average cost of publishing 5,000 copies of THE CENTER is a little more than \$200. This includes printing, paper and postage, wrapping, addressing and mailing, editorial and clerical work. In short, for every number of this publication *the Harmony Club actually pays four cents. The subscriber pays two cents, and a fraction.*

In many cases the deficit is even greater. The postage alone, on foreign subscriptions and those of New York City, is 12 cents a year. That leaves 13 cents for the Club treasury on each subscription—as against 50 cents annual expenditure.

A similar condition prevails in the Club itself. Reckoning the salaries, wages, rental, printed matter, stationery, postage, and incidentals at the minimum we find our daily expenses twice our daily receipts. The one item of free literature which we are sending out has cost as much as the total sum from membership fees. Now charity is a good thing. But you can't pay the printer on kindness and sympathy.

Is the Harmony Club worth to you what it costs us? That is, about two cents a week, or a dollar a year, for each member.

If it isn't, drop it.

If it is, please say so right now on the enclosed renewal blank; and send a dollar bill to prove you mean it. Never mind when your subscription expires—we must know at once if you are going to back us to the finish. Just pay for

the next year, whenever that begins. And if you want to help along twice as fast, put another dollar in for some one else whose happiness you care for.

Just fill out the blank, wrap a dollar note inside it, and mail to the Club at once. Please be sure to remember your choice of topics for editorials—extra space is left for that on the blue slip. We shall also appreciate your kindness in answering the other two questions; we want to improve as fast as we can, and these two questions will help to point the way.

QUESTION BOX

Questions of general interest will be answered so far as we are able and numbered consecutively. Please make them brief. Letters for Question Box should be marked "Personal to the Editor."

QUESTION 39. Miss E. W.—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Do you think it is safe to allow impersonality to go any length? I don't just see where it would land us, in our relations to each other."

If carried far enough, it would land us in the poor-house, the penitentiary, or the psychopathic ward. Impersonality does *not* mean irresponsibility. I have seen a mother let her child hurt itself, then weep to exhaustion without a bit of comforting, on the ground that "in the estimation of the All-Good, the child needed this experience." The woman claimed to be "in Divine Science." She *was* in it, over her head! And because she couldn't see out, she imagined the world ended there. We call a thing divine when, to our way of thinking, something else isn't. And the moment we label ourselves thus, we fix our own condemnation. Be a divine scientist all you can, but don't advertise yourself—God is not in that business.

Personality is eccentricity, individuality is evolution. The ideal is to outgrow the former, in pursuit of the latter. Very few attain this. The poet, for example, is individual in his poem but personal in his pose. I think if poets would cease posing, the demand for poetry would exceed the demand for fiction. Poetry is more real than history or

geography; but the antics of poets are too diverting for serious contemplation of their work.

Personality is made up of heredity, environment, education, and other superficial traits. So far as these express the individual, they should be fostered—not restrained. But most personalities are so mixed with gossip, fault-finding, selfishness, narrowness and meanness that some people find it easier to dwell in the Universal.

There is nothing wrong with human relationship—there is a great deal wrong with our conception and use of human relationship. The personality born of reverence, devotion, wisdom and love has only good in its manifestation. But there are so few of these that the wonder is how God lets the world go on. Not by destroying personality, but through lifting personality, shall we reach Divinity.

QUESTION 40. A Friend from Maine.

"Have you not omitted a vital point in the promotion of happiness by not stating the scientific fact of immortality and spirit communion? Thirty-nine prominent scientists have publicly admitted these facts, and I can conceive of nothing that will bring so much joy, relief, and happiness to anxious millions as knowledge of these great truths. Reunion with our loved ones and a life of eternal progression are the most powerful promoters of happiness ever given to the human family, and it seems to me that these truths should be prominently set forth among the many other good things in the Harmony Club literature."

The fact of spirit communion and spirit return has been challenged by the great body of scientists, and repudiated by many on the claim that the case has not been proven.

If you want a personal opinion, I am as sure of immor-

tality as I am of life. I also believe that disembodied spirits have the power of making themselves felt, perhaps also heard and seen, by those on earth who cherish a real and permanent affection. But how far the psychic medium should be trusted is an open question, and how accurate the observations are of those who strongly *desire* to be convinced has never yet been settled.

There are some questions that we are not fully ready to discuss with the members of the Club at large, one of them being spirit communion. The reason for this postponement will be evident later. Meanwhile, suggestions are most welcome leading to a clear statement of all vital truths. We shall remember, and present them when the right time comes.

QUESTION 41. Mr. J. E.—Kansas.

"Are there not some situations in which people cannot be happy? Suppose a son or daughter has gone wrong; can the parent be happy? To be sure, time may to an extent accustom one to his afflictions; and yet, where and what can be the 'great joy' hiding in such an experience and waiting to be seized? Is it true that if mothers do the right thing, they've 'got to be happy'? When a child has become thoroughly bad, growing ever more shameful and hardened, how can the mother who is a fine Christian woman discover joy in this experience?

"I delight in your teaching. It is inspiring and exceedingly helpful. But is it for those who need it most? I write in all sincerity, seeking light."

There *are* some situations in which people cannot be happy. But every such condition was created by the person whom it pains and distresses. And when we have made

mistakes, the willingness to suffer and live out the penalty brings a kind of exultation more noble than simple enjoyment.

Many a "fine Christian woman" is a failure as a mother. The first business of women through the ages has been the rearing of children. Yet the average bride of to-day knows as little of the *science of parenthood* as her prehistoric grandmother did. In respect to the household, men, whose business is financing children, are centuries ahead of women, whose business is unfolding children. No son or daughter *could* go wrong if the parents had the right motives and the right methods. And the special work of the mother is to implant such firm ideals that no amount of temptation in after life can uproot them.

I wonder if the son or daughter in this case may not be growing more hardened because of the mother's unwise attitude? Working *with the sinner* has often proved successful when working *against the sin* accomplished nothing. If the mother can remember that she herself was to blame for the defective training of the child, she at least will avoid being Pharisaic, and will coöperate rather than condemn. The worst criminal cannot hold out against the one who loves him hard enough and long enough.

The "great joy" in a great tragedy or disappointment is never found all at once. But when we are able to look at things as God sees them, we realize how short one life is, how many ages we have in which to build character, and how the deepest wrongs may be changed into the finest lessons. The natures most severely tempted are the ones with magnificent powers, but no understanding of the best way to use them. The greatest sinner is the greatest *potential* saint. Enough wisdom, enough kindness, enough

patience, hope and forgiveness—this is all you need to reclaim the erring.

Again: do you realize that crime is a disease, to be diagnosed and treated as any other ailment, with a physical, mental and moral régime of scientific nature? There is a positive joy in learning that our friends do wrong not through malice but through ignorance, weakness or disorder. Ask a physician or minister trained in psychotherapy for a thorough explanation—then at least your confidence will be restored in the child who has erred. And that is the friendly beginning of all redemption.

QUESTION 42. A Member from Seattle, Washington.

“I suppose one ought not to give way to such fits of blues as a sensitive nature is apt to indulge when everything seems to go wrong. But it is hard to fight such spells off. Why is it that the friends one needs so much at times are always at a distance, and the ones at hand seem so inadequate to help? Would it be reversed if we were with the ones we think could aid us? Is it always those afar off that are the nearest and dearest? Can we never be properly appreciated by those with whom we are in personal contact, nor can we on the other hand fully comprehend the natures of those at close range? Is it ever thus—we are never great except to those who do not know us personally?”

There is nothing better for the mental and moral atmosphere than a good, honest fit of the blues—provided they end with a shower of tears. Blues without tears are like clouds without rain, they menace but do not refresh. Perhaps a wiser method may be suggested—vigorous exercise in the open air. A sensitive nature must create and preserve an extra share of *vitality*, to make a positive attitude easy in the

face of discordant elements. Sensitivity is more "nerves" than spirituality.

Distant friends are greatest because we view them through a halo of idealism. If we could always live up to our own standard of unselfishness and efficiency, we should find our neighbors most lovable. And the greatness of common people is clearly shown whenever a sudden crisis—like a burning home or a national disaster—appeals to the motives which are seldom stirred. Nearly every man is great, when the need is great enough.

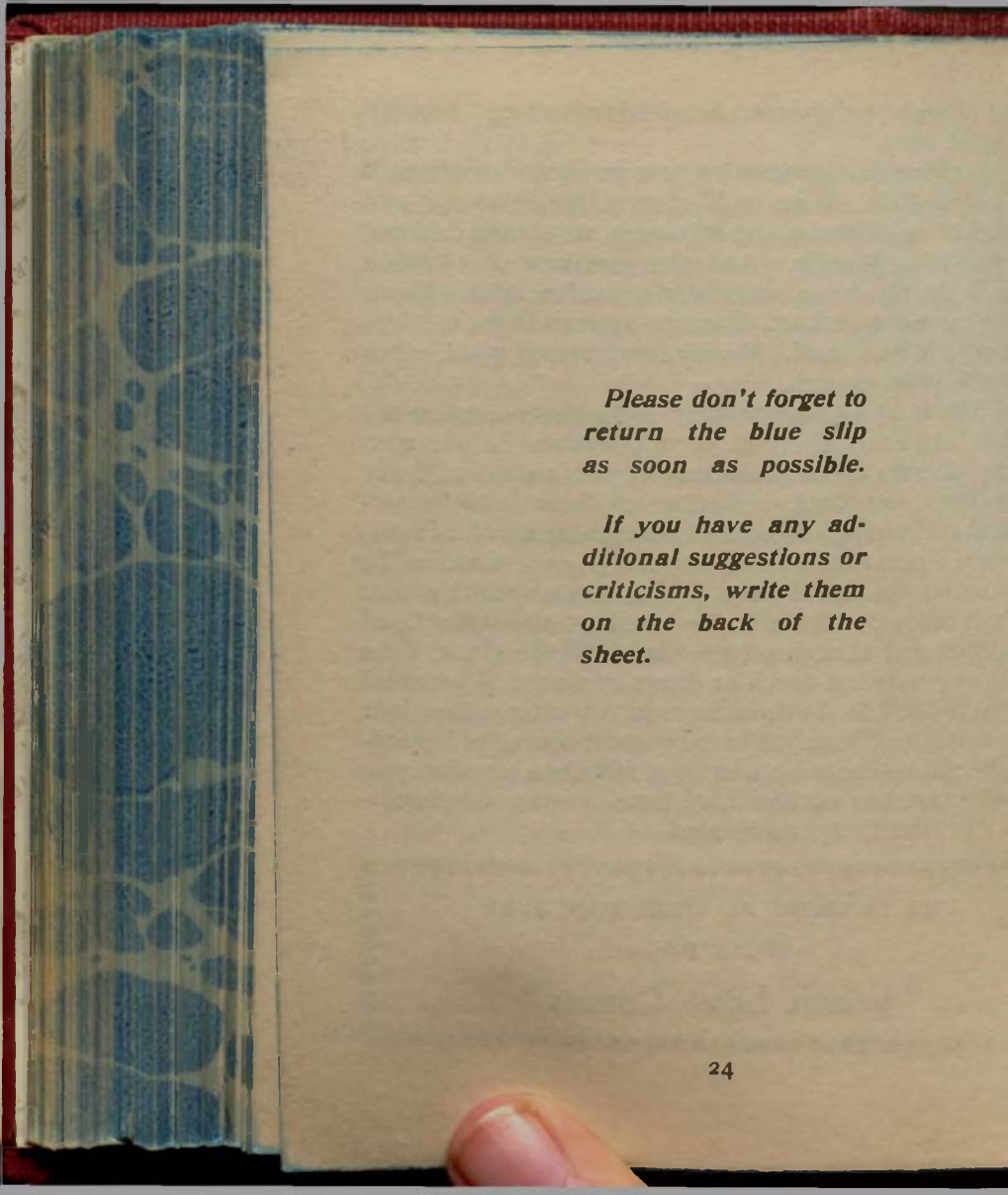
The friends at a distance often seem closer because we ourselves attracted them in correspondence to our own growth; whereas the acquaintance of youth went with our surroundings and family inheritance, these being superficial and ephemeral. Instead of bemoaning a lack of sympathy in the people next door, why not enjoy and utilize the helpful understanding of those you have seen by faith alone?

Isn't it more wonderful to be loved on the strength of mere words and thoughts traversing half the globe, than because of a personal touch or direct exchange of benefits? If you have one friend who believes in you utterly, he might live in Africa or China yet be a constant source of inspiration. Be guided more by what you feel than by what you see. Affection has no limits, of time or space or circumstance. Realize that, and be glad.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR JULY

WILL BE

"When Love Comes"

The image shows the inside of a book. On the left is the book's cover, which has a blue and white patterned design. The main part of the image is a cream-colored endpaper. There are two paragraphs of text on the right side of the endpaper. A person's thumb is visible at the bottom center, holding the page.

*Please don't forget to
return the blue slip
as soon as possible.*

*If you have any ad-
ditional suggestions or
criticisms, write them
on the back of the
sheet.*

The Harmony Club Resolve

TO CREATE HAPPINESS
IN MYSELF AND OTHERS

I will

Keep a strong body for the work I have to do ;

A loving heart for those about me ;

A clear mind for all truth, whose recognition
brings freedom ;

A poised, unconquerable soul for the ideal
whose champion I declare myself

And

I WILL possess a faith mighty enough to rout anxiety, ride over difficulty, challenge hardship, smile through grief, deny failure, see only victory, looking to the end ; by which hopeful assurance now attuned, I am at peace with myself, the world, and the Infinite

"HARMONY AT THE CENTER RADIATES HAPPINESS
THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE SPHERE OF LIFE"

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Souls annul systems.

Only spontaneity makes regularity safe.

Our greatest need is to need nothing.

First childhood is grasping—second childhood is letting go;
great men escape second childhood by learning its lesson
in middle life.

The bigger a man, the longer he likes to work. Skill is the
short-cut to freedom.

Hint to those who *talk* freedom: It is the rooster that crows
—not the eagle.

A man is that queer species of animal which spends the first
half of its life grabbing things, and the last half trying
to be rid of them.

Freedom without responsibility is an airship without an engine;
freedom without reverence is an airship without wings.

When you force your freedom on others, you make them slaves.

To enjoy both liberty and safety, learn to *see* with the radical,
but *act* with the conservative.

There is more nobility in wearing chains bravely than in
bursting them rashly and selfishly.

The freedom of instinct makes us well, the freedom of inspira-
tion makes us happy; only as we go back of civilization
or beyond it can we fully be ourselves.

Freedom is the first-born child of Fineness and Force; its
father is the man who sees, its mother the woman who does.

The bird that cries is the bird with the broken pinion; the
soul that moans is the soul delayed in flight.

No man is free until he has proudly exchanged his supposed
freedom for the bondage of the cradle and the shrine.